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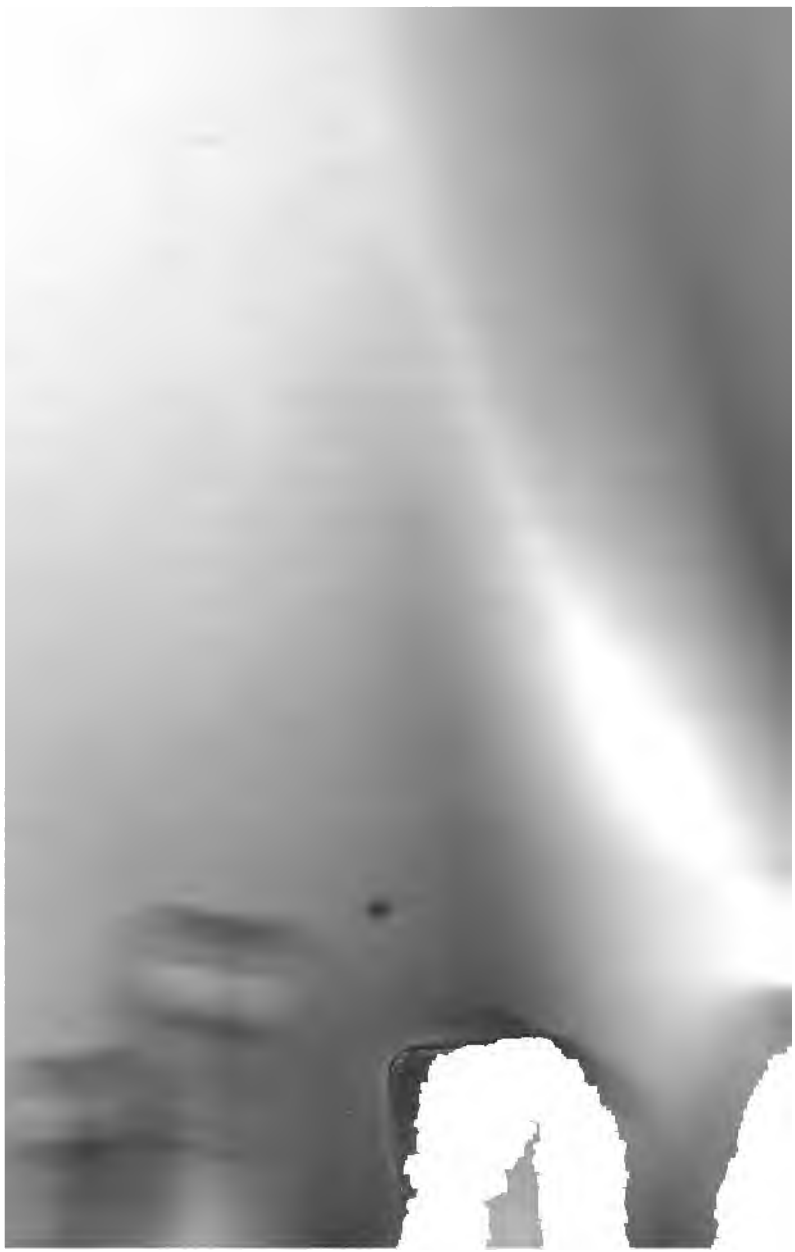

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BBARD

WOMAN'S WORK
BEING AN INQUIRY AND AN ASSUMPTION

BY

ALICE HUBBARD

WOMAN'S WORK

I believe that woman is the equal of man—if she is.
That woman is no better than man—unless she is.

PREFACE

N the first chapter of one of the biographies of wild animals by Ernest Thompson Seton he says that long ago he came to the place where the road he was traveling divided. One branch was a most alluring way—broad and gently sloping, cool and shadowy, with flowers and ferns, gay with butterflies and birds of bright plumage. This was the road of Imagination. The other branch, which was the one he chose for himself, was narrow and difficult, an ever upward climb, endlessly leading on and on. This was the road of Truth.

It is the greatest of all pleasures to please. But Ernest Seton realized a greater satis-

faction and happiness in the pursuit of truth, than to bring smiles and make people forget.

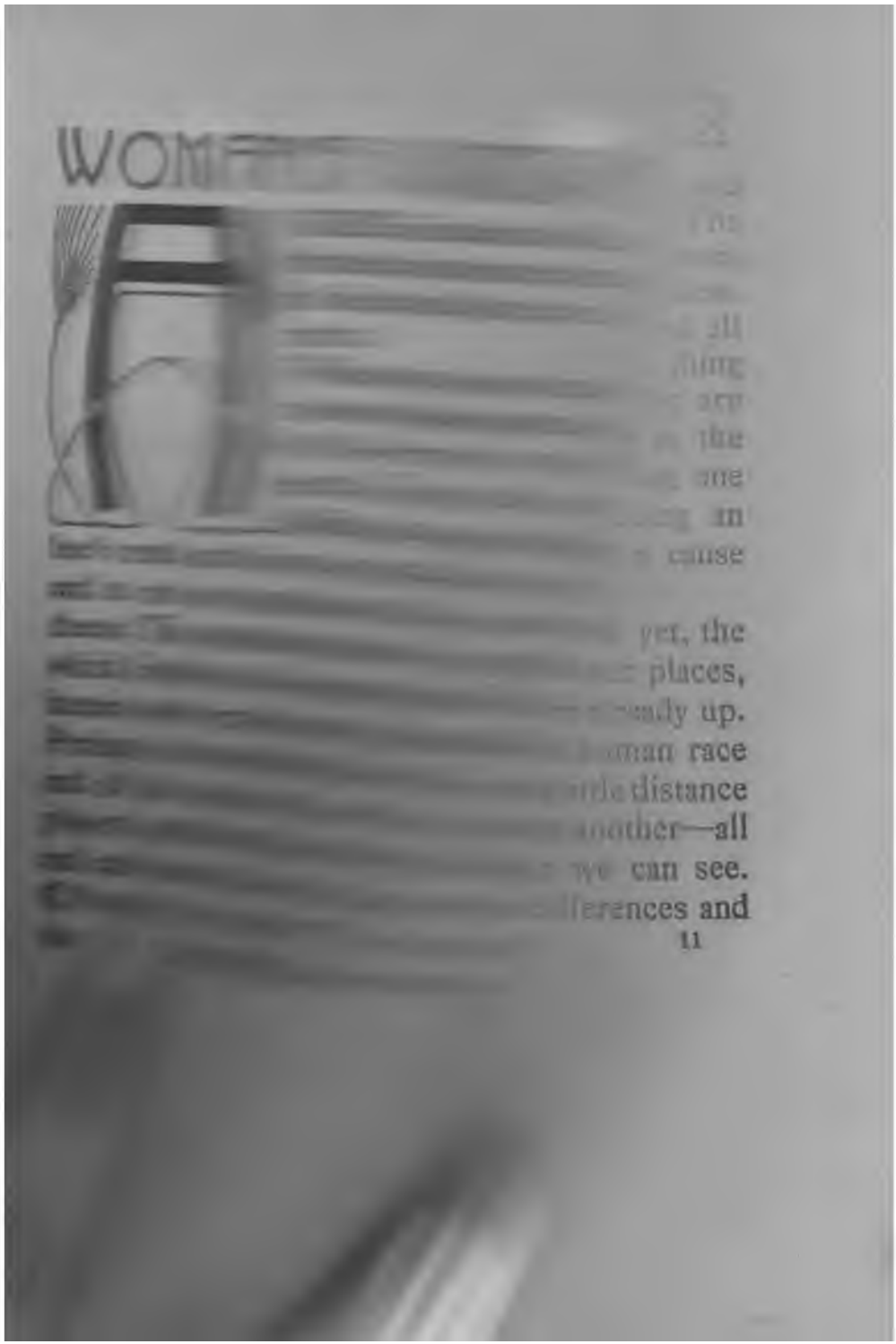
¶ There is no greater hero of all times than Charles Darwin who, knowing full well the consequence of his decision, deliberately chose to follow where truth led. He found obstacles unnumbered in the way; blockades of superstition, torrents of fear, walls of custom and habits, and business built upon them. But truth to Charles Darwin was the all desirable thing. Nothing else had value. And so the scorn of laymen, the bitterness and fevered accusations of the clergy, the pain and sorrow of those who could not understand, were only a mild regret to his mind. He dwelt with Beautiful Truth.

To Mary Wollstonecraft truth was no less desirable and she gave all for it, even her life. And she, too, dwelt with her Beautiful

PREFACE

Truth and had her compensation. ¶ Inherent within the human heart is this love for What Is ℞ And if each thinking individual could look over his life and discriminate between values, what he had discovered that was Truth to him, would be the only desirable.

The message which I bring has in it none of the ingredients used in the sop served to Cerberus. I do not wish to put you to sleep in peace, nor to soothe you. My desire is to awaken you to a knowledge of truth that confronts us. I shall compliment you by using plain, direct and simple speech, without quibble, hiding behind no mysticisms, deferring to no popular superstitions. You may not agree with what I say, but you will understand what I mean. A. H.


WOM
yet, the
places,
man race
distance
another—all
we can see.
ferences and

the best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy or history.

The play 's the thing while we are the actors.

Shall we play tragedy or comedy?

I wonder if we can choose?

Is there a great invisible stage manager who gives us our parts and assigns to us our places and our lines?

I am wondering about it.

How does the "Star" get her place? Who gives to the "Heavy" his power? Why is this little blonde close to the footlights and that other blonde over by the left lower exit? Where does the clown get his bauble, cap and bells? There is a little man back in the corner who wants to do that turn. He knows some fine stories but he can't tell them so that any one enjoys them.

Who assigns the parts? And what about the

scenery and costumes and movement and time of the play? Who arranges all that? The whole thing looks like a moving panorama, the Power invisible, stern and relentless. We are under sealed orders—deceived all of the time. Nature lures us with one thing to accomplish something else ❧ We are cheated from the morn of laughter to the night of tears. We think we are doing one thing, when the fact is we are doing an entirely different thing—furthering a cause we dislike or know nothing of.

It is a great play we are in. And yet, the play is the thing. We are all in our places, the bell has rung, the curtain is already up. Who are the players? It is the human race that we are looking at. From a little distance we cannot tell one figure from another—all might be identical for aught we can see. But on the stage they make differences and

grave distinctions. There are many castes; many degrees of precedence ❧ Strangely enough, the elements absolutely interdependent, inseparably united, evolved a code of separation, which, had it not been dissipated, would have annihilated the race.

Ages ago man evolved a passion for power over his fellows. The males developed their fighting propensity in their struggle for supremacy among themselves for place as lovers; they over-developed brawn and took possession of what they fought for—namely, a female, and claimed her as property ❧ Ultimately, she took the male at his word and was owned and possessed. His appetite grew upon that on which it fed. He made her his slave, required abject and absolute obedience. She was his, soul and body. Naturally, the male compelled his slave to do anything he wanted done which he did n't

want to do. There are a great many menial tasks even in the simple life the savage affects, and the female was kept busy. In the chase there is something invigorating—the fresh, bright air, the excitement of the chance, the delicious flavor of danger—all these overbalance the fatigue.

The female liked this as well as the male and was as capable in every way of joining in the hunt for animal food. But there were the rude home, the children and the dinner for the hungry man. So the master ordered his slave to the poetry of broiling meat over the fire, and after he had fed, she with his children might have what was left.

Woman is heir to a terrible gift along with that of motherhood—affection in superabundance. She is in bondage to it forevermore after she is a mother. She will give her own life, sacrifice it as nothing, and

reason and intellect are suspended when affection is active. Reason with love? Mother love? Nature's love? There is no reason in it. So the woman was bound to her hut, and sentiment in the female began to be over-developed to keep the balance true where man was overdoing power. One bad turn begets another. Male and female became out of tune with nature, for nature made them as one. The chain that bound the slave to her master bound him to her and enslaved him too. There is no freedom for one and not for the other. What is the human race? Male? Female? Oh, no! It is both, one equal with the other—interdependent.

WOMAN'S WORK

TO think is not natural to the animal man; it is an acquisition for which he has to pay. The law of compensation is. We are very clumsy still in our use of the brain. Among the lower animals, fighting is used only for self-preservation, for enforcing their rights when their needs demand. At one period in the development of the human race, men made fighting a business—fighting and killing. Man developed such cruelty as is known among no other animals. Read the history of Rome, of France, of England—yes, of America. Go ask the Salem witches what they think of our gentleness, of our kind hearts, of our intelligence! Ask the Filipinos their opinion of our water cures, our soldiers'

conduct toward their women, as an expression of our superiority in kindness over the lower animals. ¶ Male and female became so far separated in their activities that their interests were divided—man's work and woman's work were common expressions. Dangerous ground for the genus homo! The human race did not flourish under it. Slaves do not bear noble, kingly sons. The fear, shrinking and cringing of the mother is the inheritance of the sons as well as of the daughters. When the mother had to steal all the freedom and privileges she had, the sons learned to steal and plot and plan and conspire as well. Then the male race was said to be contaminated by the female race. The female race was called unholy—the male holy. But yet the thistle must bear figs!

When the church was the state, woman could hold no office in that sacred institu-

tion, had no voice in its management, could not sing in the choir, was unworthy to enter certain parts of the building, must sit apart with her head covered. Yet one of those women had loved the pope into being, had saved him alive thru the thousand perils of childhood, and had nourished, supported and cared for him afterward.

If we think a thing long enough, it becomes truth to us. We use it as fact and build upon it, or unbuild, as the case may be. Sir Isaac Newton did not attempt to reconcile his religion with the eternal laws which he discovered and demonstrated. Neither did the churchmen use their intelligence concerning the soul-standing of their mothers whose superiority over themselves they must have known. They took as a statement of truth a scandalous tradition that had the bogus sign of "Thus saith the Lord" upon it, and did

not reason. When things get too bad they must mend or dissolution takes place ❧ Women were not dead all this time, but absolutely hand in hand with men in general development—they averaged the same. The calamity was in the mental separation—the difference in their activities. As man really advanced, woman advanced with him. She had a brain as active as his, and thru her peep-hole into the world she saw what made her heart beat high and her brain quicken into activity. Her prison house oppressed her—she almost smothered in her limitations. Here was the life into which she was thrust: she must learn to be a good housekeeper: she must know how to sew, bake, clean, darn and mend. It was first believed that ignorance on all subjects but those within the four walls of housekeeping was the way to make the best wives ❧ Philip

Gilbert Hamerton, in his book entitled, "*Intellectual Life*," recommends marriage as conducive to the development of the intellect. To him the intellectual life is as Milton pictures heaven—no women angels. So persistent has the thought become that man owns woman that we hear men say in generous mood that "Woman is God's best gift to man"—a possession, however, to which he has no clear title, and which he has been seldom successful in using or found much joy in holding. Have you ever thought it strange that so much is said of man's needing a helpmeet and nothing of woman's needing help? Is woman all powerful, or is it possible that she, too, needs to be recognized as in the line of evolution? Hamerton's "*Intellectual Life*" is for men only ❧ He says, "I believe that for an intellectual man, only two courses are open: either he ought

to marry some simple, dutiful woman who will bear him children, and see to the household matters, and love him in a trustful spirit, without jealousy of his occupation; or else, on the other hand, he ought to marry some highly intelligent lady, able to carry her education far beyond school experiences, and willing to become his companion in the arduous paths of intellectual labor." And he continues without a smile: "The difficulty in the first is, that she does not remain what she was; she becomes a sort of make-believe lady, and then her ignorance, which in her natural condition was very charming naïveté, becomes an irritating defect. If, however, it were possible for an intellectual man to marry some simple-hearted peasant girl, and keep her carefully in her original condition, I seriously believe that the venture would be less perilous to his culture

than an alliance with some woman of our Philistine classes."

You see the difficulty is, that women are a part of the human race—they won't stay put—they are bound to develop if they have the opportunity.

What Hamerton wanted was not a wife, but an animal with human capabilities for serving him. The great law was unrecognized by him, that each one of us is part and parcel of a great whole, each part so connected with all others that to retard the growth of one is to hold back the rest. He did not know that to pursue culture is to never overtake her.

He that saveth his life shall lose it.

WOMAN'S WORK

A LITTLE superficial knowledge—that used to be enough. But a little knowledge is a dangerous thing

The human female has as much grey matter in proportion to her size as the male. The taste of food to the hungry brain created a greater desire for it, and soon there was a demand for the higher education of women.

It is a fact in economics that supply can be equal to demand. There were high schools for girls, yes, colleges. Now the doors of the best institutions for learning from books are open to humanity, not one-half, but all.

¶ During, before and after Shakespeare's time, the women were represented on the stage by boys. Just why it was modest for

men to present themselves before the public and speak their own speeches and immodest for women, I do not know, and history is silent concerning it, but strangely enough, it was so considered. Nor do I know why it is adjudged modest and right to-day for men to represent women's ideas, speak her lines and act for her, will she or nil she, but even now such are the facts. Nor am I able to comprehend why the law of this country compels a woman to masquerade as a monoped, when not even the masquerader is deceived, and suffers untold inconvenience in her activities as well as being hindered from needful exercise. But it is not necessary that we understand why. The important thing is that we know it is so; that it is not best for the human race that it remain in this way; and that we remedy the evil for the sake of the race.

We have overdone this matter of distinctions and differences. We have differentiated and analyzed until we were near dissolution. We must unify. We are souls. Female souls? Male souls? No, immortal souls. We must return to the normal before we can have health.

¶ In the olden time women had to decide between two things in life; one was to be an "old maid," as an unmarried woman used to be called, and eke out an unwelcome existence among grouchy relatives, or marry and settle away down in life to love, honor and obey their lords. A procrustean bed was made for women, and every woman has been hewn to fit it irrespective of her intellect, will, affection or vitality.

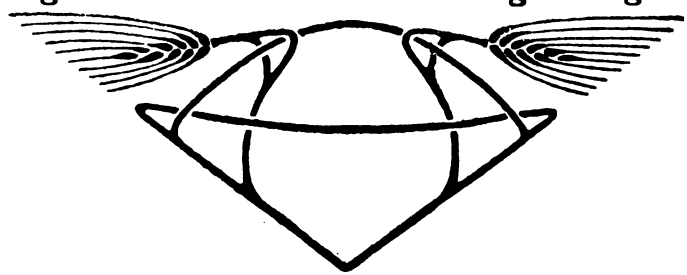
To-day, every girl has a long list of destinies from which to choose. She may enter any profession; art smiles upon and woos her; the sciences offer their prizes equally to

woman as to man; civil engineering disregards sex; arts and crafts are ambidextrous. But if a woman marries, what then? You know what your grandparents said. Yet I will tell you what the greatest women and men of to-day say. It is this: Life manifests itself thru action—action is necessary to life. The only way we can develop the body is to use it, use every part of it each day, and day after day, forever and a day. To give it diversity of use, every muscle, every nerve must be exercised.

The only way to develop the brain is to use it, use it every day, day after day and always. Activity says to every part of us—"Awake, thou that sleepest!" As woman is a part and parcel of every phase of the world's work, she should participate in it and share its responsibilities. The world's work is for the human race.

Gibbon says of Theodora that she had the brain of a man ❧ I do not know what he means by this, but I suppose it is intended as a compliment to Theodora. However, taking the cases of the women marked in history as companions and co-workers with men, we might have the suspicion that when woman's brain is exercised as that of man, they prove to be closely allied and even equal. ¶ If you will grant that no woman should marry under the age of twenty-five, and that for twenty years her family ought to claim most of her time, what of the thirty or forty years that are to come after? What of the twenty-five that have gone before? Can she live the life of her husband and children and be simply a household drudge? Should not our economics be so adjusted that for a part of each day, she, the wife and mother, might refresh her soul and be

inspired by doing something outside of the four walls of her home? Because she is a wife and mother, should her intelligence be limited or enlarged? Does she cease to be an immortal soul because she is a mother or does she cease to need universal interests? Never before did she so need largeness of vision and strong thoughts.



WOMAN'S WORK

FEW women have been allowed to read titles clear to houses on earth, or even to a home, so they have done more than their share of dreaming and singing of mansions in the skies. Mansions in heaven have some advantages over homes on earth, I grant. The constructing is not fatiguing—on the contrary, it is quite a pleasing occupation for a lazy mind on a midsummer afternoon. Then those buildings conjured forth from vacuity need neither care nor toil, nor do they get out of repair. You never have to plan and struggle and work over the wiring or lighting of a house not made with hands. The matter of sewers and water pipes, of heating and ventilating, never wrinkles the brow of those

who, though not carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, have detailed plans for occupying one of those mansions thru all eternity

But the building of mansions in heaven does not stir and quicken the grey matter of the brain nor add convolutions there; it does not toughen into muscles of iron and heart of flint for actions of heroic strength. Such building is poor steel on which to whet one's brawn for the realities of life that sweep away fancies like dew from the pastures on summer mornings It is the fairy story of childhood that quiets the immature mind for an hour, but gives it neither a preparation for what is to come, nor power to live to-day

Women have believed and held to fables longer than men, because they were shut away from realities.

Build thee more stately mansions,
Oh, my soul!

sang Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. That is beautiful and right to do. But the best and only way it can be done is to build with the hands a little of the tangible that will benefit humanity. "The hands that work are better far than lips that pray." A man who is building for himself a house here, owns no castles in Spain.

No woman who has taken the responsibility of buying a lot and paying for it, making a home upon it and assuming the entire care of it, spends hours in day dreams, nor lavishes tears of pity upon herself because of the hard lot Providence assigned her; nor does she demand fairy tales concerning another world where she shall go to receive her crown and claim her reward for deeds she has only thought of.

It is the idle brain that cuts fantastic capers and insists upon impossibilities, that makes the calamity of the stories of miracles of so long life ☙ The mind occupied with great, practical things is fair and generous, finds health and life enough in things that are. But shut that brain into a narrow confine of petty details, fancy work, monotonous trifles that lead nowhere, never change, never come out, carry no grave responsibilities, and that mind goes in search of gargoyles, human beings with wings, men with feathers or cloven hoofs and monkey ornamentations. Gossip is indulged in for want of an idea.

If there is a way to develop the soul except thru exercise of brain and body, as well as using the qualities of spirit, man has not yet found it.

To retire from business, to be relieved from

all useful work, to find sweet rest in heaven, to have infinite leisure, were once goals for the ignorant. To find wider and more useful exercise for every power of our intelligence is now the desire of every human being who lives awake and aware. The sloth of inaction is not a power, it is only inertia.

A man grows strong by carrying the financial burden of the family, or he may sink under it, but in either case he does not cause the family to become strong.

A woman cared for by any one for her support is a dependent just as much as the toothless old man who sits all day on the sunny side of the veranda of the poor house. Her standing is the same in the eyes of those who provide for her, particularly if she loses her beauty and charm. She has no voice in the affairs of life.

Most young women look upon marriage as

they look upon heaven; each to them is an ultimatum, the end of the journey. This is the ideal that Christian civilization has fostered, and with which the world is tainted. While woman wears rings, ear rings and bracelets—symbols of her former bondage—so long as she accepts a pension and bargains her liberty for an easy time and escapes responsibility, just so long shall we need the agitation of the question of woman's rights. ¶ When women have freedom in their hearts and in their brains and cease to be slaves, they will have freedom.

Business develops caution. A business man learns to control feeling, emotion. He must be able to verify his statements and take the consequences of them with a smile ❀ He cannot be reckless and prosper.

Women who have been protected by father, brother and then husband are usually weak-

lings and cowards. They are easily led into a quarrel, but being in it, do not bear it that the opposed may beware of them. Cowardice comes from conscious weakness. And cowardice not only leads to high crimes and misdemeanors, but to small piracies and petty larcenies.

A woman who feels that she is helplessly in the power of her husband, unless she have implicit faith in him, (which is her only hope of peace,) will use every means she can to get the strangle hold.

When a woman has no money except that for which she must ask or beg or steal from father, brother or husband, her self-respect demands that she shall redeem herself by justifying her act. She shrives herself at the altar of her cosmic shrine. So she says she deserves it, and often she does from every standpoint. The wrong is that the money is

not in her own hands, at her own disposal to use as her judgment decides.

But the cause of all the trouble is that woman as a wage-earner, having property rights, has not been seriously considered. She has been held as a chattel by the man, and that he leaves her something in his will is a generosity on his part. The laws in the United States generally concede that the use of a third of the joint property of husband and wife is the wife's share, this third at the widow's death to revert to some heir the husband has named in his will. We must admit that marriage as it now exists is a business partnership. Sentiment seems to forbid separate ownership of property for husband and wife, but sentiment does not provide that any just arrangement shall be made in the division of the property accumulated during the business partnership of

this man and woman, when the partnership in business ceases.

If a just estimate of the earning power of the woman were made and an honest record kept of her earnings, even if they were only that of housekeeper, mother and conserver of property, and this sum and no more given to the woman, the lawyers would not be so busy rushing widows' claims before the courts, nor would the widow have the humiliation of being compelled to be subjected to the law in getting what she has earned. Nor would she be led into the unseemliness of flaunting finery before frail masculine men, bought by money earned by men well dead.

Most married women are as ignorant of the value of a dollar as a five-year-old child. They spend all they can cajole from the man who is looking out for their welfare,

and protecting them from the responsibility which develops judgment and wisdom. These women know nothing of "making ends meet," or the value in the economics of living, of sweets, laces, and bargain counter products.

And so there is the still hunt in trouser pockets, the unwarranted bills, deceptions in every form, accusations, tears, misery—and purchase money for peace to enable the domestic wheels to move once more.

But no one has made head or gained ground. The symptoms have been treated at the cost of integrity, manliness and womanliness, and the cause of the disease remains untouched.

And some women demand ease and money from their husbands simply because they are legal wives. "I am his wife and of course he must support me," is a common state-

ment, but not an argument that wives care to trace to its logical conclusion.

The time will come when we shall recognize the fact that we must not go to a doctor for help, to a divine healer, Christian Scientist or mind healer. We must lay hold of the vital principle for ourselves. It is true that no one can harm us but ourselves, and no one can help us but ourselves.

No one can think for us any more than another can eat for us.

The world is not in need of what you think or write or do, but you are vitally in need of it

It is the exercise, the development that comes from the action that benefits, not the thing done.

Paul said that a husband was to act for two in church, the husband was to have all the exercise, all the deciding, and the ones he

acted for were the silent partners. Fortunately for these obscure ones, the real work was put upon them so they did not ossify or turn to polyps.

I should like to see woman break conventionalities, rebel against unnatural bondage, prompted by her reason and intellect and never again through her excess of feeling. We have been irrational so long from too much emotion that it is considered a quality feminine. Sentimentalism has become the Bastile of woman's mind.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman calls attention to the fact that woman has hitherto stood to the world only in the capacity of mother, wife, sister or daughter, and that now for the first time does she stand as Mary Smith, an individual, an entity. And this is to the credit of the woman's club, to which the bicycle helped carry her.

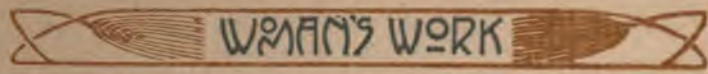
WOMAN'S WORK

A man stands among men as a man, unless he has the misfortune to be pointed out as the son of somebody and does business on the name of an ancestor, not being his own progenitor ❧ Woman has for ages been a collateral.

All that nature demands of us is activity—that we shall use brain and body—then all the gifts in Pandora's jar are for us. All we can use is ours.

The goal is put before us, not that the goal is anything, but that we may have the benefit of the journey. I will tell you what a goal is, what a prize is, what a victory is, what defeat is, what heaven is, what hell is: Each one is the pot of gold to be found at the end of the rainbow; it is the chase, the journey! There is nothing there when you get there. It is only the exercise from the doing that benefits, not the thing done.

WOMAN'S WORK



I heard a gentleman say only last week that man needed woman for his development; he said she was his left hand. I asked him if he believed in ambidexterity, and he looked disturbed. I did n't think it advisable to call his attention to the fact that all educators agree that humanity is suffering from the deformity of the right and left hand idea; that the training to-day is to give equal activity to the hands that the brain may have its best use; that right-handed people have squint eyes, one shoulder out on the bias, and the tailor's and dressmaker's art are taxed to make the hips look alike.

The greatest teacher of the speaking voice I ever knew told me that people who have bad voices cling to their faults as though they were their most precious treasures. A man with a voice like a raven will think he has been robbed when the croak has been taken

from him. ¶ Disease hugs disease to its heart. Tom Sawyer offered as his best bribe to exhibit his sore toe ¶ People who have been very sick discuss every horrible minutia of their infirmity.

They are still sick.

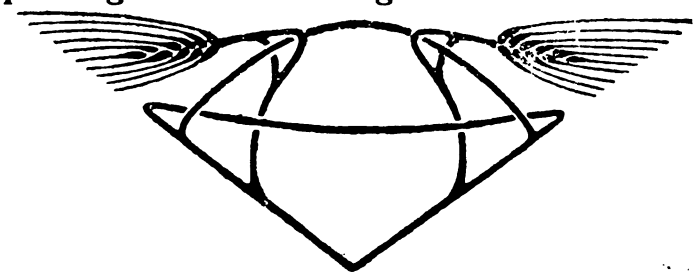
A serious youth told me that he was happiest when he was sad. Some yet revel in the deformity of right-handedness and some in being the left hand. Some even enjoy being the master with a slave, and some of the human race prefer to endure serfdom rather than to enter into the struggle for a degree of freedom and the responsibilities it brings. ¶ A parent owes a child protection and care until it can develop power to take care of itself. But to feed, clothe and think for him after he can do this for himself is to pauperize him and to do him the greatest injustice. ¶ For a husband to carry paternalism into

his treatment of his wife is barbarism. If a woman is not capable of caring for herself in every way and yet have a reserve of power, she still needs her parents or a keeper, and the tax should be upon the state and not upon the unsuspecting youth.

Schopenhauer considered all women to be children suffering from arrested development, who never came into the estate of a mature man, fit companions only for children. And Schopenhauer was a close observer, although a bachelor confirmed by a young and beautiful woman who too much admired Lord Byron.

Socialism will never be a success until every man and woman is capable of and does support himself, and has something over to add to the wealth of the community. And marriage will be a failure until husband and wife are each economically free, each inter-

dependent, and each reverence the right of freedom that is the other's. Economic freedom will not take from us the privilege of ministering to those we love and doing the thousands of deeds that make for tenderness and kindness of heart. The blessed privilege of ministering will ever be ours.



WOMAN'S WORK

THE basis of all morals and ethics is the business principles on which the enterprises of the world have been built. A man gives a hostage for good conduct, good citizenship, when he buys a house and lot and is working to pay for it, where the happiness of his family depends upon his efforts.

Responsibility has more salvation in it than religion can bestow.

Booker T. Washington, in making his appeal to the negroes to fit themselves for useful work, said: "The whites will forget you are niggers when you can produce something that is valuable to them." We waive the color line when we read Dumas.

At present, the world of finance barely tole-

rates women. Not long since, the English law had the same opinion of a wife's holding property as it did of that of an idiot—she couldn't do it. When she married, her fortune was put into the hands of the husband, to have and to hold until death did them part, and it was his will that decided who should enjoy the woman's money after his death. But we must acknowledge this: that if my lord was poor before marriage, he was very deferential to the lady and made infinite vows of love and many fair promises, which doubtless had some commercial value to the lady and were perhaps worth the bond.

¶ The race desire is for power. Humanity reverences it. We like it. We think it is a goal. In the world's market, money is the measure of power.

I suspect that the basic reason for the general high esteem in which rich men are held

is because their wealth represents individual superiority, rather than from a hope or desire of anything we may get from what this money will buy. Surely all that the money means to the man who has accumulated it, is the satisfaction in the thought of his ability. So much wealth, so much strength in some form. ¶ No one has a right to spend a man's earnings (we punish thieves), unless he gives that right, and how can we really transfer this privilege to another? Just as the power is untransferrable, so should be its symbol. Men who earn a fortune, however, seldom spend it. This is left for the widow or her children to do. And it buys for her honor that is well nigh dishonor, ease that leads to death and is damning in its effect, a position that she has no right to keep, luxuries she has never earned, and often a marital appendenda she calls her husband.

WOMAN'S WORK

TO be at our best we must be with our peers. With them we do not crawl nor cringe, we are upright. The standard of the man you are with, as a rule, makes the standard of your action with him. With a weakling, you are apt to be weak. If he whines, unless you are careful you will get a minor in your tone. Women without property or power to earn stand as dependents—paupers—to the great, great majority of men We do not love weakness and we are very liable to patronize it, pity it, have a contempt for it. And it is a very, very great man who can separate his pity and contempt for the weakness of the woman from the woman.

The man who prates of the beauty and love-

liness of helping the "weaker vessel" he calls woman, is not to be trusted. It is safer in the cage of a lion than with such. The man who always lifts his hat to a lady, ever keeps on the danger side of the walk, and takes the privilege of touching her arm at every street crossing, keeps his average true by using some woman as an inferior being either in word or deed or thought. What do you think of the manhood of the man who proposes a toast to "The Ladies?"

¶ And when a man feels contempt for a woman, the law of compensation that holds this world in balance makes the woman's heart full of contempt or hate for the man, for she feels herself a martyr and looks for her reward in heaven when none is in sight on earth. So each feels superior to the other, and neither of them is building strong or high or holy with such thoughts.

WOMAN'S WORK

I am told that the first genius was a male. It was a man who told me about it. This primary manifestation of superiority was when the male took captive the female who was his wife, and said, "Get busy, my dear, get busy! Clean up this cave & Polish the rocks while I take a nap." It was the first time that love and economics were united and was done after pink and twenty had turned into wrinkles and angles. Thus does the beautiful sometimes merge into the useful. The active brain finds business still for willing hands to do.

And yet, there was a glimmering sense of justice in the male, for he realized that there was something to be given in return for services rendered. At length he benignly acknowledged a kind of obligation when he gave his influence in the direction of monogomy. But even then there was no under-

standing of equality in the heart of the man. ¶ A contract made between men must impose mutual obligations or it is not binding. Fifty years ago the marriage contract was unilateral, but it was a tie that binds. The man in the case promised to love and cherish the woman, and he construed the meaning of "love" and "cherish" to suit his own mood or desire ☙ When the papers were drawn up he gave to the woman a ring and said these words after the black-robed contractor, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," but he didn't mean it a minute, for the laws of his country didn't provide that she should have them ☙ It was a joke to everybody who had any sense of humor, except to the happy bride. However, she was usually undeceived the first time she asked her lord for money, and found her endowment was simply a "part of the

ceremony." She contracted to love, honor and obey the man with whom she made contract, and the obedience was compelled at the whipping post again and again. The ducking stool was to enforce man's rights and came because of woman's protest against unilateralism.

Woman, it has been affirmed, has no inventive ability ❧ This may or may not be true. But certainly she did not invent the ducking stool. This was man's creation ❧ Nor do we find anywhere in history that he tested the merits of this delicate and gallant manifestation of his superior gift on any of his gentlemen friends. The ducking stool was for women only.

The present Christian civilization has a terrible inheritance. For more than three thousand years all Jews and Gentiles have believed that God made man in His own

image, and made him like unto Jehovah: that woman was an afterthought, a sort of a fatal postscript, who lured man into a terrible fall. He has honestly and conscientiously believed that he was superior to woman physically, mentally, morally, and whatever else there may be beside. And there are women who believe this because they have been told that it is true, not because they have thought it out for themselves. All law and custom, the working basis of society and politics of Christendom, are based upon the supposition that woman is inferior to man.

We are ruled by the dead ❧ We are commanded by people who knew less than we—by people who knew nothing of science, little of geography, and whose knowledge of the human heart and human nature was far less than ours. We have accepted the thoughts of others and have refused to think

for ourselves until yesterday. The import of law is good and it serves—the only fault is that we have continued the law after its purpose was fulfilled.

Law is to benefit humanity and when its enforcement is injurious—not beneficial—then we should drop it. We do this, but we work so slowly that we grind to death millions because of our tardy action. We are Japanese in ancestor worship—even we. We put witches to death according to law. The bible said, "Suffer not a witch to live," and men were zealous to keep this command. The witches in New England were tried by men, imprisoned by men, executed by men and no woman had the power to save them. But no wizard was ever put to death for practicing his art, nor has he been held in dishonor even by women.

We legalize what we want to do. We make

laws for ourselves, and against our enemies, and then we get a superstitious reverence for a written law and hold to it with a death clutch. We have commentaries upon it until we are lost in its maze—more bewildering than the labyrinth that Perseus of old found himself in when he went to liberate from death the Athenean youths. Happy shall we be if in this tangle the daughters of the Giants shall give us the clue!

In the federal government, woman must be controlled and live according to the laws that are made by man, and her power is limited to a lunar influence on politics, all in harmony with the obedience clause of the only contract she has been allowed to make. The church has been supported largely by women: woman's devotion and superstition have made it live to this day. Go into any Christian gathering and you will find, with

possibly the exception of a Christian Science audience, that of the four parts that compose the congregation, three are women. And yet, Christian Science excepted, men control the church and do as they will with the moneys the sisters have gathered together.

A woman preacher is rarely seen: Dr. Johnson compared the phenomenon of a woman preaching to a dog walking on its hind legs —it was badly done, but a marvel that it could be done at all. Few indeed are the churches where woman has the privilege of more than an occult, indirect, very modest influence in the rules and regulation of the Christian organizations. Because this is so, we do not usually look upon Christ as one who believed in a woman's rights being equal and the same as a man's, but I believe that such was the case. He made the point very clear several times. Christianity has found it

more convenient to not notice this, and to exalt Paul when he said that woman should keep silent in the church, should not braid her hair or wear jewels, and if she would know anything, let her ask her husband at home.

Jesus opened the gates of the Ghetto to Jewish women when he led them to think for themselves, and defied the Mosaic law and took them with him on his journeys to and from Jerusalem. Moses had made different penalties for man than for woman for the same offense. Jesus said, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone. Neither do I condemn thee."

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WOMAN'S WORK

THE world will one day pay homage to Mary Baker G. Eddy because she has helped humanity to eliminate many forms of fear. She has stood against Christendom, all doctors, and most preachers, for the truth she believed and has literally interpreted, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." She has made us look to ourselves for health. She has given an impulse to sane thinking that has benefited the human race.

Mrs. Eddy is the founder of our only American religion. All others are Asiatic. By using the name "Christian" and by the use of the Oxford binding, she has made an Oriental blend that has been acceptable to many thousands.

But I believe that the crowning glory of this woman is that she has demonstrated towards the equality of the sexes as no other human being has. She has been most effective because she has not worked directly for it.

But neither by word nor deed has she for one instant suggested that woman is inferior to man. She herself is the head of the Christian Science Church, a position which in power, rivals that of the Pope of Rome, and in some respects, resembles it. Her word is law to every one of her followers without being called an encyclic.

She has abolished the male preacher. In every pulpit there are two desks, and one is occupied by a woman and the other by a man. These readers read alternately from Mrs. Eddy's book and the bible. At the Mother Church in Boston are tablets side

by side, on one of which are carved words from Mrs. Eddy and on the other are words from Jesus—and no apologies. Had Mrs. Eddy taken up the work for equal suffrage as did Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony and that band of workers, she could not have done for it what she has by quietly assuming and silently living equal rights for women and men, and making such provisions for it as she has in her religion.

Mrs. Eddy has had the ability to live her life on an equality with man, because she has had equality in her brain and heart.

Christian Science stands to us to-day and must ever stand as a monument of power to womanhood.

WOMAN'S WORK

ALAN DALE says that a woman is a better actor naturally than a man and that the greatest artists among actors have been women.

Alan Dale is right. But do not give to women undue credit, for they have been in training, lo, these thousands of years.

Said some one to Whistler, speaking of a certain painter: "I believe he acts too."

"He does nothing else," was the caustic response.

Women have played a part since they were captured and held in bondage. They have played that they liked to be held inferior; pretended that beauty and sweetness and response are enough, and make them equal

to men: they have played that they wanted no direct part in the control of the household; the property they have helped to earn or conserve, the town or city in which they live: no official opinions on sewers or cess-pools; no desire to have a dignified action in the general or municipal government; no desire not to be owned and possessed, and no desire to earn an independent living. Woman has played her part. She has never been herself in the presence of her owner or prospective owner. She has gained her point so long by the right oblique that she is rarely honest. She uses her legal tender—beauty or feminine weakness enhanced by millinery, lingerie, feminine charms and tears—when she has no idea that she is taking unfair advantage of the male; is using in the world's finance confederate money.

And man still continues the barbaric custom

of paying for dinners and sodas, caramels, chocolates, carnations, and theatre tickets for women, when he would not were they men, and often he is generous enough to leave the obligation as it is.

If woman is inferior to man and should not compete with him in the world's work, then to adorn herself to please him and to conspire to outwit him are her weapons. If she is owned, we must let her have slave tricks.

¶ Women must cease playing and mouthing what was done and said centuries ago—oh, reform it altogether, if she would grow to her full stature and be herself.

It doth not yet appear what woman shall be. When women can do the voting in politics for men and have it just as beneficial for both and all concerned, then and only then can men do the same for women. Voting is simply taking into account the wish of the

people. Does any one know why the wishes of men should be respected in government and not those of women?

Not long since I heard a clever man in a public meeting condole with the dear ladies, in that they were suffering from the classic complaint of taxation without representation, by saying that he was no more represented in Washington than were they, which I grant is wit but not truth.

This moonshine light that woman is allowed to shed on affairs of state would no more satisfy men who think than it does women who think. The right of franchise should not be granted to one human being and denied another because Moses, a man abreast of his time, made laws three thousand years ago for a barbaric people.

WOMAN'S WORK

A PIQUANT little college girl not long since asked me if I did not think a girl had just as good a right to smoke cigarettes as a boy ❧ And I said, "Yes, certainly, just as a woman has a right to commit suicide the same as a man." ¶ A woman gets no nearer to divine truth by smoking cigarettes than does a man. From what I have observed, the use of cigarettes does not open any doors to freedom, to higher and better living, nor to a better understanding of life and humanity. ¶ It is not a strange thing that some women confuse liberty with license, for humanity has always done this. But woman must be clear sighted enough to see that the way to attain the same degree of freedom that men

have, is not to burden herself with their handicaps. She must be strong to resist what his weakness has succumbed to, for woman has a few vices which are quite her own. She needs shackles removed, not added or tightened. If she must imitate, let her select man's highest virtues: courage, persistent effort, calm judgment, a generous mind, tenderness tempered with wisdom, withholding severe judgment upon others; all these are qualities desirable, and woman might better make sure of these than to desire to assume man's faults or to affect manish ways. ¶ Woman is so great when she is honestly herself that she need not attempt to be any one else. She can and will evolve a far better mode of dress than is now used by any one. Her clothing will be so adapted to the needs of the body in its work, that the subject will be only a small item in her

mind and leave time and energy for things of more benefit to herself. But in the meantime we gain nothing by imitation.

A youth with oratorical aspirations listens to all the great orators he can approach. He tries to find the secret of their power and usually seizes upon idiosyncrasies and faults, not knowing that they are great, more or less, in spite of these defects, not because of them.

¶ Granting that a woman has as good a right as a man has to do wrong, use tobacco in all forms, use spirituous liquors to excess or less, use violent or coarse language, infringe upon the rights of others, banquet, carouse, and dissipate, yet she must acquire the keen understanding which knows that these things can only enslave her as they do man, and will put farther out of her reach the only thing that man or woman struggles for, namely—Freedom.

WOMAN'S WORK

FOR a man to be dependent upon the bounty and care of one woman for his car fare and cigar fare, for means to replenish his wardrobe, to meet household expenses, or to carry out independent plans of business or action, does not increase his manliness or add to the joy of his life. It does not encourage mental activity nor generous thinking.

He may not think of himself as a beggar, but he certainly would have some of the qualities and sometimes feel like one.

Neither industries nor happiness are possible under such conditions. Courage would go out of the heart, the hands would be paralyzed, the brain would cease action. Imagine the effect upon the strongest man

you know if he were forced into a problematic situation like this:

Mrs. Sampson has control of all the commercial affairs of the family. The money is all paid to her and she dispenses it as her judgment wills. Mr. Sampson is not economically free. Mrs. Sampson has neglected or forgotten or has thought it just as well not to remember to inquire into Mr. Sampson's personal, financial status. Mr. Sampson has fondly hoped that she would, so that he might be saved the humiliation of begging, although he knows he has a right to what he needs. He smiles a little more than usual on the morning when funds must come; is noticeably embarassed; lingers longer before going to work than is his wont; clears his throat, and says, "I'm out of money."

Mrs. S. may say, "I shall be in the same condition when I get all these bills paid,"

or, "What has become of all that money I let you have last week?" or, "What do you want with more money?" or, "We shall be going to the poorhouse if things keep on this way!" or, "I have no money to spare," or, "Why, yes, here are twenty dollars." ¶ Mr. Sampson's courage is gone. He has gained a little money, perhaps, at the expense of his dignity. He finds himself dull and out of temper. The day is gloomy. He has little joy in his work. ¶ If Mr. Sampson submitted to this after once having known freedom, he would die within a year.

But he never would submit. Under such conditions, might would soon make right. Delilah would be the shorn one and the pillars of her power would come tumbling over her head, and quickly, too.

Domestic peace *versus* domestic revolution would not be considered for an instant.

Mr. Sampson would show that there was a master in that house. ¶ Mrs. Sampson, however, submits to such conditions for one or more of the following reasons,—she always has: in the interests of peace: it seems to her the inevitable: she often lacks the courage coupled with the judgment to make a rebellion a revolution, or better, an evolution.

The immediate effects are not so detrimental to a woman as they would be to a man, for she has made such progress as she has in spite of this servile state. But so far, for obvious reasons, no woman has yet been the mother of a Man.

The tap-root of what is usually termed "family quarrels" is universally this lack of economic freedom for wife as well as husband.

You and I have known women who earned from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars

a year, or more. They are capable, earnest, ambitious, dignified and attractive and have a high sense of the value of this wonderful gift of life. They have planned their lives for development. They have studied and worked and traveled to know humanity. This salary and the responsibility of taking care of themselves, has sometimes developed a fair business ability, good judgment and a splendid fund of commonsense.

After five or more years of such living, we have known a woman to marry and lose her economic freedom, which usually means her freedom. After a very few years, under these conditions, she is said to have faded; she has less charm of manner; her spontaneity and initiative in thought and acting are not marked. That keen zest and joy in life, which are like the perfume of the morning, have flown. She is looked upon with pity

by her sisters, still economically free. And the cause of all these changes is not that the care of children and home is too great a burden, but that she has been cut off from so many of the sources from which she drew life. She is like a transplanted tree, whose many tendrils and rootlets have been destroyed, and she is a dependent. That her husband is a "good provider," is not a vital point. Her exercise is reduced, physically, mentally, morally, and her spirit is not free: these are vital points. Byron's couplet has been too true:

> Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
> 'T is woman's whole existence.

When a man marries, his round of work that occupies his day remains the same. From eight o'clock in the morning until five or six at night, the hours are full of the same kind of thinking and exercise after marriage

as before. ¶ Women not only change location, immediate environment and companionship, but occupation. They have given up their freedom for love—"all for love," they say, and they proceed to get "all" out of it. Earth's woes come from trying to get out of any one thing more than there is in it. That way death lies ☙ Insanity awaits such specialists.

Man is a many-sided, multideveloped being, and every quality of his nature must be exercised and fed. Love is one of the basic attributes, and if we compared it with others, we might say, the strongest, but not more necessary than the others. Nature punishes us for trying to make love all, just as severely as when any one tries to make the physical development all, religion, intellect all.

All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone.

WOMAN'S WORK

THIRTY years ago I heard Robert Collier asked this question which has become a classic: "Do you not believe in the divinity of our Lord?" And the great man answered as others have, before and since, "Yes, indeed, I do believe in the divinity of our Lord, and I believe in your divinity and in mine."

Whenever a discussion arises concerning equal opportunity and privilege for women and men, there is always the assertion by some one that women disbelieve in the superiority of men and wish to have power over them. But in this they are as surely misunderstood as are pioneers of mental freedom. Yes, women who think do believe absolutely in the superiority of men, and these women

believe absolutely in the superiority of women. It is not a matter of substitution or displacement, but of expansion, extension of thought, enlargement of heart and mind.

¶ More than a hundred and fifty years ago Mary Wollstonecraft said: "I do not want women to have power over men, but power over themselves."

"It is not empire but equality and friendship that women want."

"Woman's first duty is to herself as a rational creature."

And notwithstanding this plain, simple and direct statement, this great woman who was one of the first to give expression to the thought that woman was an individual and worth while developing, has been misunderstood, misinterpreted and accused of wanting to usurp man's place and power.

Only within the past generation did we lift

up our hands in horror and cry out that Henrik Ibsen was going to ruin the race by breaking up the home, "which is the foundation of all government," in that he was sowing the dragon's teeth of discontent in the hearts of married women.

How? By stating unmistakably that a wife has personal rights, that she is her own keeper, accountable to herself, responsible to herself.

And worst of all, when a wife found her soul smothering in its prison cell, strangling in the clutch of her keeper, that she had not only the divine right, but the righteous obligation to escape for her life, just as any other captive slave. He said distinctly that truth and freedom are needed for the growth of true womanliness as well as of true manliness.

¶ Bernard Shaw has given no uncertain sound in what he has written concerning the

freedom to think and act for women and men alike.

The badge of indulgence bought from priests does not count for character nor add to the sum of respectability. To him unlicensed debauch or crimes or sins against nature are no more than these same things done with the license of law or religion. An unholy profession, sanctioned and upheld by the church, is no better in his estimation than the same unholy profession unsanctioned and denounced by the church. He would put the same censure upon man's misdeeds that he does upon woman's. He would liberate woman just as he would give freedom to man.

And the comment is upon our civilization that Bernard Shaw is considered, by some, as bad and very dangerous, by others, as not in good taste, and by all of us, as unique.

Mr. I. Zangwill, a Jew, with dauntless courage and the divine desire to save us from ourselves, has the faculty, too, of looking through the clouds of superstition that enshroud things to the thing. He sees truth with the seeing eye. He is working on the platform directly for the enfranchisement of women, and he has the courage to state that women are their own worst enemies in the achievement of this means of development ☙ He tells us frankly that only the concerted effort of women for this end, irrespective of party, caste or club can generate the force to give intelligent influence in the government of the country in which women, as well as men, live.

In answering some of the common objections that are made to women having the ballot, Mr. Zangwill says: "No vote can make women so unwomanly as not having

a vote has made them." ¶ "Man has not objected to the wage woman has brought from the factories and sweat shops. He has never said it made her less a mother and a wife to earn for a family."

"A promise made to women is not binding unless women can enforce its fulfillment, and how can they do this unless they be enfranchised?"

And he insists that woman's strength and intelligence should be expended upon the state and the business of governing, not upon gaining the privilege for intelligent and dignified action.

Mr. Zangwill has the distinction of being considered peculiar in that he wishes to give at once to women the privilege which is a duty to every thinking being.

A youth, reporting on one of the San Francisco papers, asked me recently if I believed

that women should be "allowed" to vote?

¶ "Allowed by whom?" I thought, but I answered, "Yes, I believe that all intelligent persons should have equal opportunity in everything."

"Well, yes," said this boy of twenty who misrepresents you so often to the public because he does not understand your thought, "Well, yes, but women wouldn't vote if they had the privilege and would sell their votes if they did."

I asked him, a little more quickly than was necessary, what was meant in an article I had just read in the paper he represented, by the bitter lament that the poorhouse was to be moved from one ward to another at a time when it would deprive the male paupers of their votes.

He said he had not read the article and could not say. I had read it but did not say.

WOMAN'S WORK

MAN ought to have the privilege of using his brain on all subjects since he is supposed to have a monopoly on intellect. But his intelligence has not yet been developed so it is strong enough to be focused for long on one subject. The brain must have diversity of exercise or the individual is not sane. Especially is this true in the study of the physical body and of one's own particular religious belief. Any subject that causes introspection should be taken in small doses. "Look up, not down, look out, not in," is excellent advice.

Man can contemplate man, making his work impersonal, and the result may be a benefit to all. But if man studies himself to prove

theories to formulate them, it is usually to his own undoing. We need perspective in order to see anything right and man is great only when he forgets his personal desires and sensations.

To determine what foods serve best to nourish the body, is a necessary thing for every one. And then to know how to have them cooked and how to eat them, is a duty. But learn the lesson once for all. Form the habit of right living and leave the mind free for other lessons. To make the subject of what to eat and how and when to eat it, the discussion and theme for each day, leads one to the gorge route or the epicurean's table. No breakfast fiends are as objectionable as ten o'clock breakfasters, and disarrange the order of the house as much. Then learn how to exercise, how much and when; how much work and how much play

you need, and form the habit. All this tends toward health and happiness.

Susannah Wesley wrote to her son when he was in Oxford: "Son John must methodize his time. He must learn how much time he needs for work, how much for sleep, how much for recreation." This woman had been working on a schedule from necessity, and she knew many of the laws of life and how to make the most of her days.

We are coming to a time when we shall accept life as it is. We shall know that it is all good and we will not try to get more out of any one part of it than there is in it. We shall move joyously and gracefully from point to point. When we return to nature and get as close to her simple, healthful ways as we can, we are forced to think that man's superior intellect has contaminated him. This unseen power that leads us on

and ever on, is very patient, and lets us wander far to get our lesson, and return with greater truth. So we are going back to nature study, animal study and plant culture to learn how man should live.

Among animals in their natural state, mating and reproduction of their kind is incident to life. Where there is a litter of the young, the father often assists in providing the food and sometimes in the care of the family. But where the offspring is limited to one, the mother is deemed quite capable of caring for herself and her little one. And the mother is the teacher, the only teacher. She shows the child how to care for itself and hunt food. She prepares her young for college and graduates them into life without taking them away from life. I do not think the child of nature is doomed to have mumps, measles, scarlet fever nor to be vaccinated,

though animals do sometimes die of wounds and accidents.

Nature takes it for granted that the offspring belong to the mother, and it would be only a locoed father that would think of being called the head of the house or claiming the young to be, "My children." But in civilization, we have compelled just the opposite of this. We make laws which insist that the father owns the child, because he once owned its mother. As a rule the court provides, where courts are to be found, that in case of the separation of a legally married couple, the mother shall have the care of her child only so long as its infancy demands her ministrations, which age is fixed, varying in different countries, from one year to five. Then the father may have his child irrespective of the mother's wish, desire or need. And if the mother refuses to give up

this being whom she loves more than her life, who is an actual part of her life, the officers of the law seize upon and take it from her agonizing hold. This most terrible thing has recently taken place in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

But in any country where legal marriages are solemnized in churches, in case this ceremony is omitted and the parents of a child or children separate or are separated, the mother is the only parent recognized by law and is given her baby, but this is neither through love for the child nor pity for the mother.

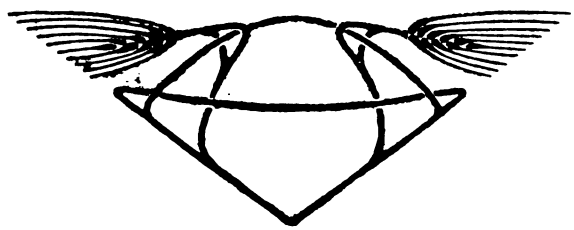
I do not believe such laws represent the wish of the people today. They were made when ducking stools, whipping posts and thumb screws were in fashion, by men who believed that Eve, the woman, was the cause of Adam's, the man's, fall: by men more

brutal than men who now formulate laws. ¶ The statute still obtains. And it may be waiting for women to repeal it, and blot out such cruel injustice from our records.

Men have owned women and naturally made laws to protect their own property and the wealth that might accrue from it. Not many years ago the bridegroom bargained with the father of the bride for his wife, and her dower was arranged between them. The woman had little to say concerning the all important matter of whom she should spend her life with or who should be the father of her children. Even now, at what is termed a correct wedding, the bride is given away, by father or brother or some near male relative. To be really proper today the bride must belong to some one before marriage and after.

If a woman presume so far as to choose her

mate, she paid the great price of disgrace and sometimes that of ostracism and death. Nathaniel Hawthorne has told this story in the "*Scarlet Letter*" so that it needs no repetition. ¶ Woman has been the property of man, owned and possessed by him. And the trail of this serpent is over us still. It is time to bring reason and intelligence to bear and to take the bandage from the eyes of Justice that she may weigh with equal scale the case of man and woman



THE tales of adventures in war have been considered a valuable asset in love-making & Othello, the Moor, wooed the fair Desdemona by telling of the wonderful experiences he had had, and of the scars he bore.

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:

he says, in pleading his cause before the judges. And so simple and frail a bond as this, was a basis and many times was considered an adequate reason for marriage, though in more cases than this one, of the unhappy lovers I have named, has it proven to be that war romances are only the stuff that dreams are made on, and not material

that stands the stress and strain of the experiences of life.

When physical might was considered the right, war was to the rude inhabitants of the earth a necessity and the soldier was honored beyond all others, save, possibly, the priest. In fact, the two combined made the ruling power of government.

When the country was full of bandits, and Robin Hood's profession was in the majority, the king could maintain his people only through deeds of daring knights. Established order and peace have brought about a change so that now to control through intelligence, and to make the business intercourse between nations, on the same sane basis as that of individuals, is the only reasonable way.

¶ We consider piracy and smuggling, taking anything by force, as belonging to the dark ages ❧ Yet nations still commit highway

robberies and murders and consider it a reputable thing. Men unblushingly boast of seeing their fellows fall dead at their careful aim on the battle-field. In fact, all of the ten commandments are inhibited in war time. "And there ain't no Ten Commandments."

¶ One of the arguments brought most frequently by men as to why woman should not be enfranchised is, that women can not go to war. This, of course, is taking it for granted, first, that war is a necessary and beneficent part of good government; and, second, that women should have nothing to do in deciding whether their country should be engaged in war; third, women are purported to be not strong enough to endure the hardships of the battle-field or live the camp life or in the barracks unscathed—as men are supposed to do ⁂ It is true that women have never been allowed to go to

war, even among the aborigines. ¶ Some of the lower animals hunt their food in packs; and hunting is their only offensive warfare. In case of trouble, attack or defense, all species with the exception of man, fight together, irrespective of sex.

But with the dawn of superior intelligence came the desire for ownership, and instinct was often made subservient to intellect. Man wanted to fight without woman, when war meant pleasure, because her presence shortened the process. And man reasoned that he was helping to preserve the race when he compelled woman to remain at home.

Aggressive warfare to-day is for increased power. The acquisition of more territory is now the underlying cause of the battle-field. Alexander The Great, Caesar with his legions, Mark Anthony, Cleopatra, Augustus Caesar, Zenobia, Hannibal, and on down to

Napolean, all were quite frank in acknowledging that they worked directly for empire. Of course, the oppressed countries struggled to free themselves from the yoke, and as a lure for the daring youth, the trappings of war were added to the natural romance of going to a far country. Millions of men were and are caught in the snare of the sun tipped spears, the epaulettes and shining swords. ¶ Romance goes with youth. The desire to venture, the call of the wild, the twelve labors of Hercules, the wanderings of Ulysses, the travels and conquests of Perseus, these are all budding in the heart of every young man ☙ Inherent desire for emulation, the wish to surpass, competition, the laurel wreath, the triumphal arch, trophies, captives, slaves, full coiffures, crowns, have let loose the dogs of war in the heart of man. And the "anthropophagi, and men whose

heads do grow beneath their shoulders, the imminent, deadly breach, the hair-breadth 'scapes," are an added lure that draws men away from home and comfort and peace and upbuilding, to where they can make killing a business, destroying an occupation, and debauchery and vices of all kinds their pastime and recreation.

To all the other allurements we added the flaunting bauble, cap and bell, by giving them a jaunty uniform, brass buttons, tinsel, bayonettes, flags, banners, and martial music which was winged mercury to feet that could move. We sang songs to their glory, and the troubadours and minstrels and poets made themselves name and fame, glorifying the deeds of men of carnage.

The inducements to war are all for men. Woman has no part nor parcel in this glory. Woman's crown from war has been a crown

of thorns, her honors have been dishonor, agony and pain, her gain has been the broken heart that comes from losing everything, even hope.

Untold millions of women have had husbands and sons taken from them without warning or preparation, and they have been left alone with little ones, babes in arms and babes unborn, and only their personal effort, the work of their unaided hands stood between them and death. And these women and children alone have planted and cultivated and cared for a little garden, a little store of food, when soldiers, reckless and brutal from camp life and the horrors of the battle-field, have rushed in and gorged and plundered, leaving desolation and death. And there has been no redress, and there is none now for this historic wrong.

Women who have husbands and sons who

are offered upon the altar to Moloch, should surely have something to say as to whether there shall be war or not, for she is the supreme sufferer. To die upon the battle-field—that is terrible, indeed. But to die is to sleep, after the brief hour of pain and horror. To meet the Great Death, is only to meet the Great Death. But to be in life's pitiful battle alone, bereft, desolate, at the mercy of famine, soldiers in whose hearts the brute is king—this is to envy the quiet sleepers on the hillside.

Picture this for a moment: There is the cause for war, then the agitation on both sides of the question; orators are developed who grow eloquent about the brave boys who go to their country's call, go to save their country for God and home and native land. Patriotism is personified and glorified as though it were a living being, and there

are calls for men to go on to battle; every stirring and thrilling story of bravery and daring deeds, of rewards and obligation are used to work upon the emotions. The atmosphere of a whole country becomes charged with feeling. The fife, the drum, the flaunting pageantry of war, the tramp, tramp, tramp of hurrying feet, the eulogies, become a whirlpool of excitement into whose vortex every one who can march away is drawn ❧ And then the last honors are paid, the rythmic tread becomes more and more indistinct; is lost in the distance; the shrill notes of the fife come only now and then, the distant rolling of the drum becomes more faint; and then silence—awful, agonizing silence, —broken only by the choking sobs of the desolate ones.

To the wife and mother left behind there is no excitement or companionship in the dull

round of work. But to her there is ever the funeral note of the tolling bell and the death march of the receding footsteps of those who may never return to her again.

Necessity drives her to action. The double burden of earning and dispensing during war time are both hers; she carries all of the responsibilities of father and mother. And then comes news of battle, which to the waiting, throbbing heart can mean but one thing; and hope is smothered in fear. There is the trembling clutch at the newspaper that has the list of wounded and dead; the dim eyes try in vain to read the names; they see the one; they try to look again; the heart almost stops.

And even if the names of the loved ones are not there at one time, have you any consolation or assurance that all will be well to offer to that woman, or any like her?

Can any hardship, any horror of the battle-field or prison be worse than the grief and emotion endured by the women left at home? These women have suffered everything the imagination can conjure forth, and, moreover, thousands upon thousands have seen the children and aged die from want and starvation, have suffered every horror that degenerate soldiers could visit upon them.

¶ We erect monuments to those who, we say, died for their country—gave a brief hour to gain a point for somebody in a quarrel. But to those who endure to the end of the journey, picking up and fastening the broken threads of life and making from them a fabric of utility, we have, as yet, given little recognition.

We claim that women are not strong enough to endure the hardships of war. We were more kind, more generous, more decent if we put them into the actual service of open

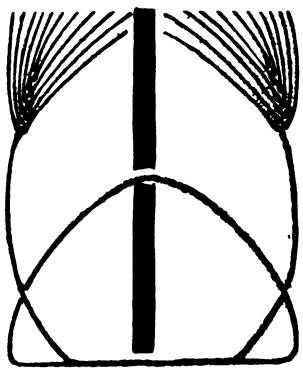
fire, and thus saved them from the awful death-in-life that women in war time are compelled to endure. In the United States since 1865, we boast that we have no slaves. Yet I cannot imagine any serfdom where human beings are forced by others into a position of such cruelty and hardship, and where they have no voice in the matter and no redress.

¶ There will be no war when the right of franchise is given to women, for their hearts say that any honorable compromise is better than to kill and slaughter and slay humanity.

¶ There is no adequate cause for war, but to gain freedom. Woman has so far gained hers without carnage, and the methods she has used for herself will be effective for all mankind.

Increased intelligence, education in its broadest sense, general ability and capability are the weapons woman is acquiring; these are

her armaments, her magazines, her artillery, these are her battleship, her standing army. ¶ The Greek women were said to rejoice in their sons more than for any other reason, that they could go to war and make conquests. The mother of the Gracchi said of Caius and Gracchus: "These are my jewels," and when they went to battle she gave these parting words: "Return with your shield or upon it." But we have not emphasized the fact that this woman died of a broken heart, nor that this was an age when conquest was the rule of the world and brute force was the only power recognized. We are evolving out of this darkness into a period where intelligence, gentleness, kindness of heart, reason and judgment are qualities that go to make up a man, and their expression is to benefit humanity, upbuild and beautify the world, double its joys and divide its sorrows.



N "*Othello*," Shakespeare made Iago to say:

'Tis in ourselves that we are
thus, or thus.

He might have said with equal truth,

'Tis in ourselves that God is
thus, or thus!

Our God is usually our conception of the greatest, most powerful and most awful ❧ All humanity idealizes. Blanche Goodman gives the quintessence of it in her poem called "*The Ideal.*"

I am the measure of each man's desire—
Ay, more. Of life itself I am the breath;
Pursued, 't is I who beckon mortals higher,
Encompass me, and lo! my name is death.

This power to idealize comes with the dawn of that attribute of the mind, imagination. But ideals differ. Victor Hugo says:—"The

ideal may be an imbecile one. There are creatures made to dream of a paradise of cabbage soup. Your ideal is nothing else than your sense of proportion.

No, no one is outside the pale of the dream. Hence its immensity. Whoever we are, we have this ceiling above our heads. This ceiling is made of everything; of thatch, of plaster, of marble, of smoke, of garbage, of trees, of stars. It is through this ceiling, the dream, that we see this reality, the infinite. According to its greater or less height, it makes us think of good or evil. But let no one be deceived; there is no fatality here; its pressure upon us depends upon ourselves, for it is we who create it. To the vile soul a vile heaven. As we make our life we make our dream.

And the religions from the height of their thrones arraign one another for their false

paradises. Thou ravest, Brahma! Thou liest, Mahomet! Thou cheatest souls, Luther! Crowd of brains, rout of chimeras."

The first conception of a god of which we know, was that of a tyrant, limited in power only by his rival or rivals. This tyrant must be flattered to fawning, coaxed, cajoled, plead with in tears, his favor bought with the most precious thing man had.

Man was really not so unreasonable as he pictured his god. His imagination was in the colossal period and he exaggerated and made a monstrous ideal in this crude portrayal of a supreme being.

Man has never been as degenerate or hideous as the god he has made, and he has always been better than his formulated religion.

¶ The Hebrew's Jehovah had these attributes—he was jealous; "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God."

Revengeful; "Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation." Moody, softening Pharaoh's heart by sending plagues upon all Egypt, and then hardening the king's heart.

The night of the exodus, Jehovah commanded the children of Israel to borrow from their Egyptian neighbors jewels of silver and jewels of gold and raiment. "And the Lord gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they lent unto them such things as they required And they spoiled the Egyptians." We, of course, call this dishonest, but to the mind of Moses there was nothing wrong in stealing from his enemies.

"And the Lord slew all the first born of Egypt," though one of the commands God had given was, "Thou shalt not kill."

In fact, taking the Bible as authority for the

statement, the God of Israel was guilty of breaking all of the ten commandments which he gave to the Hebrews, save one.

Any excess, all license Jehovah allowed himself, but enumerated a list of crimes which he prohibited his followers from committing.

¶ A missionary to China translated the ten commandments of Moses into the Chinese language, and gave his class as a lesson to learn these prohibitions. The next day the pupils recited the text in a thoughtless, careless way. The preacher began to seriously propound to them the awful meaning of the words they had repeated, when they threw up their hands in alarm and said, "Holy horror! the man does not mean to say that the Christian nations do these things!"

¶ The Hebrews had a savage, arbitrary God, and he is pictured by a primitive people. Right down through the three thousand

years that this God of Abraham (and its later attenuated form) has been dominant, sacrifice has been the most potent essential of religion.

Moses built an altar at the command of Jehovah and blood was sprinkled upon it to propitiate God.

Israel was told to build a sacrificial altar and to bind his son, Isaac, upon it and kill him, as God willed. He had his knife uplifted ready to plunge it into the heart of his child, when God softened his own heart, for one moment, and sent a sheep around through the bushes as a substitute. But the lamb had to die to appease the wrath of an all wise, all powerful, all loving God.

And daily the Hebrews shed the blood of the choicest of their flocks and herds as a sacrifice. This murderous and inhuman inconsistency culminated in the dramatic and

awful interpretation that has come to us of the tragedy at Golgotha, nineteen hundred years ago ☙ It is the story of Abraham's sacrifice carried into the skies and fixed as a law of heaven. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." This sentiment is crystalized in this expression: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friend." The teaching is that the entire human race is born in sin and is abhorrent to its Creator, yet can be redeemed, but only through the sacrifice of the only begotten Son of God. ¶ All animals lower than man are not born in sin, but cannot be redeemed, nor have everlasting life.

The Christian theology takes as its premise that God through the Holy Ghost—a mysterious mysticism—was the father of Jesus; that the sacrifice of Christ was through the

generosity and goodness of God. The Holy Ghost disappears from the scene except as a promised visitor and guide to truth. Nothing is said of the mother's sacrifice and love. Woman enters into the mythology of Greece and Rome. The chief god of the Greeks and Romans had a mate. She was inferior to him, except in being more loyal to her pledge of monogomy, and in being less deceptive. Still she had much freedom and opportunity. ¶ Jove had winged feet and could enjoy traveling and frolics with all sorts of earthly maidens, except when his wife was especially vigilant—she limited his exploits. But in case of war—trouble—they stood together in their strength and were successful.

They were friendly with the other gods and goddesses, and there was a fair division among them of empire and mountain tops. High Olympus belonged to Jove and Juno.

Peace usually reigned and joy and happiness were the rule.

Neptune and Pluto were married. The idea of mating is held throughout Greek theology. The Hebrew God, like the medieval woman, needed no helpmeet; at least, there is no mention whatever of a woman in heaven, or in Satan's domain.

It is not many centuries since it was past discussion whether women had souls. The angels were all men. God's chief counselor was a man, Gabriel.

However, after Adam was created, the idea came either to Adam or his Maker that it was not good for man to be alone, and out of a small portion of the newly made man was developed woman. If this story were true, we might be justified in thinking that woman has been in the line of evolution from her creation.

Eve was the first sinner. Her primary offense seems to have been that she outwitted her Maker, and had he not used precipitate measures, would have rivaled him in power. She ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and gave to her husband to eat. This was most displeasing to God and he cursed her and pronounced anathemas upon her and her children forevermore.

Whether it was because she took the initiative, and did not wait for Adam to get the fruit, and divide, or whether God feared the combined power of these two intellects, the fable does not say; but fear, the curse of man, and disbelief in themselves were planted in their hearts.

"We are all miserable sinners:" "In sin did my mother conceive me:" "There is no health in us:" "We are worms of the dust:" "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of

wisdom:" "We are unworthy of thy mercy." All this and more is our inheritance from a myth handed down to us from an age of fables. The Mosaic teachings and the teachings of the Christian church have been that we are degenerates, that man was created perfect and complete and that his life has been an involution. He fell from this high estate, to be redeemed only through sacrifice. ¶ Not until the age of Darwin was there any discussion of evolution. In 1857, when "*The Origin of Species*" was published, theologians were horrified beyond belief because it was affirmed that the man of to-day was a far superior being to the first man ❧ Darwin was the intellectual rock that turned the tide of human thought from death to life, from the east to the west, from the thought that we were a degenerating race to the truth that we are an evolving race. Dar-

win gave us the belief that we might yet see a Man, though we know that even now man is only in the process of making.

A rational hope was within the reach of humanity for the first time, when we accepted the theory of evolution. We began to smile at the myths, fables and legends of the Bible, and we put them on our library shelves along with books of folk-lore, Greek and Latin mythology ❧ And although the theologians now teach that the universe was created in ages not days, yet they cling to the disparity of the race unless there is a sacrifice, human and divine.

Woman still bears the curse of being the cause of evil's coming into the world, but she also enters into the redemption, by being the earthly parent of God's only Son, who is the crowning sacrifice.

The Roman Catholic religion has placed the

utmost emphasis upon this one thing of sacrifice ☙ Thousands upon thousands of lives of usefulness have been wasted in penance and suffering to atone for "original sin," and to emulate the example of Jesus' dying to save the race from eternal death. Millions of money have been spent for sacrifice and propitiation ☙ Women have vied with each other in giving their lives as a sacrifice, and they have benefited no people or cause by so doing.

The saviors who have most helped the race to evolve have lived their lives gloriously for it, not cut them short nor died for it. To go barefoot on pilgrimages over desert wastes and dangerous ways, to give human life in crusades to rescue the tomb of Jesus from the grasp of unbelievers, to endure long seasons of idleness in fasts and prayers, to give up useful work to become a saint,

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to renounce the world and natural laws and hide from real life in convent or monastery, all are the results of this myth concerning sacrifices.

Woman has entered so little into the world's work, that the idea of developing herself as an individual to take responsibility and to feel how sacred this gift of life and all its powers are, has been considered seriously only to-day.

She could sacrifice her life easily and she has given her life, her hopes and desires to some one or some thing or phantom, and this "sacrifice" she has considered her crown.

¶ Wasting her life has become a habit. Few women have a definite purpose, and most of them drift along into the matrimonial current and forget that they have buried something when they are absorbed in the identity of the husband. That little "s" added

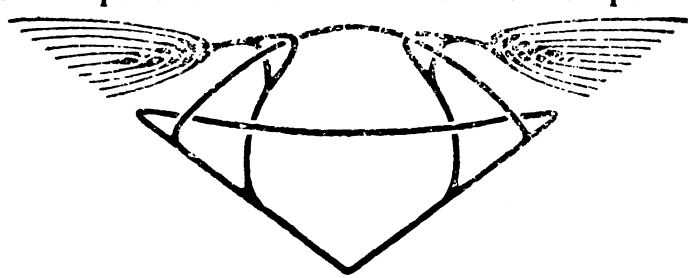
to the Mr is not identification. And only the rare few have yet allowed to develop the divine desire to make of this entity which is Myself, the most perfectly evolved being possible. Only with this idea can woman and man be of best use to the world.

The blood of bulls or of goats, of lambs or of human beings cannot wash away sins; it can only deepen them ❧ The shedding of blood hardens the heart and adds to the sum of ignorance.

Sin is the result of the unenlightened mind, of stupidity and cruelty. Only we ourselves can cleanse ourselves of this negation, this darkness of unrighteousness. This can be done only through exercise, commonly called work.

This light of reason, that has been called so frail a guide, so puny and unreliable, is the only light we have to pierce the gloom, and

this we will preserve and feed, not extinguish. Kindness, gentleness and generosity are life-giving, not destroying or avenging angels, and these godlike qualities do not come from sacrifice—the taking away of life, nor in punishment, nor the "justice" that demands an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but in giving life and liberty, happiness and positive joy. ¶ The only redemption man needs to-day is to be redeemed from the superstition that he needs redemption.



LL children have interests in common ☙ No matter what parents or homes they have, they draw no color-line and make no class distinctions. A child is a child to children.

Piccaninnies, poor white trash, children of aristocrats, little Indians, half-breeds, all mingle together in their play in games and any childish fun.

When an anxious mother tells her five-year-old child that she prefers having him play only with those and these children, and not with these and those, she is speaking Greek to him—he has no comprehension of her meaning: it is an arbitrary request that he cannot remember.

At ten, perhaps, he can see that certain

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has been nourished and cared for by endowments of the rich who themselves found a satisfaction in responding to the call to alms from the *religieuse* and the "patriot."

Boys have been taught that they can do questionable things that their sisters would be disgraced to see. Mothers winked at the wild oats their boys were sowing, and chided with a smile that was a compliment to the "manliness" of youth ❧ Sword fighting, gaming, dueling, drinking, debauching a little, knowing the world, with all that the term implies, were necessary for the boys, for they must protect their sisters and wives from (other) bad men and women.

Then the young man must learn to do something whereby he could get a living for himself and a family. This necessity was all the salvation he had, and sometimes it was salvation.

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to the Mr is not identification. And only the rare few have yet allowed to develop the divine desire to make of this entity which is Myself, the most perfectly evolved being possible. Only with this idea can woman and man be of best use to the world.

The blood of bulls or of goats, of lambs or of human beings cannot wash away sins; it can only deepen them ❧ The shedding of blood hardens the heart and adds to the sum of ignorance.

Sin is the result of the unenlightened mind, of stupidity and cruelty. Only we ourselves can cleanse ourselves of this negation, this darkness of unrighteousness. This can be done only through exercise, commonly called work.

This light of reason, that has been called so frail a guide, so puny and unreliable, is the only light we have to pierce the gloom, and

generosity and goodness of God. The Holy Ghost disappears from the scene except as a promised visitor and guide to truth. Nothing is said of the mother's sacrifice and love. Woman enters into the mythology of Greece and Rome. The chief god of the Greeks and Romans had a mate. She was inferior to him, except in being more loyal to her pledge of monogomy, and in being less deceptive. Still she had much freedom and opportunity. ¶ Jove had winged feet and could enjoy traveling and frolics with all sorts of earthly maidens, except when his wife was especially vigilant—she limited his exploits. But in case of war—trouble—they stood together in their strength and were successful.

They were friendly with the other gods and goddesses, and there was a fair division among them of empire and mountain tops. High Olympus belonged to Jove and Juno.

Peace usually reigned and joy and happiness were the rule.

Neptune and Pluto were married. The idea of mating is held throughout Greek theology. The Hebrew God, like the medieval woman, needed no helpmeet; at least, there is no mention whatever of a woman in heaven, or in Satan's domain.

It is not many centuries since it was past discussion whether women had souls. The angels were all men. God's chief counselor was a man, Gabriel.

However, after Adam was created, the idea came either to Adam or his Maker that it was not good for man to be alone, and out of a small portion of the newly made man was developed woman. If this story were true, we might be justified in thinking that woman has been in the line of evolution from her creation.

Eve was the first sinner. Her primary offense seems to have been that she outwitted her Maker, and had he not used precipitate measures, would have rivaled him in power. She ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and gave to her husband to eat. This was most displeasing to God and he cursed her and pronounced anathemas upon her and her children forevermore.

Whether it was because she took the initiative, and did not wait for Adam to get the fruit, and divide, or whether God feared the combined power of these two intellects, the fable does not say; but fear, the curse of man, and disbelief in themselves were planted in their hearts.

"We are all miserable sinners:" "In sin did my mother conceive me:" "There is no health in us:" "We are worms of the dust:" "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of

tin cans, innumerable; dish washers, wash ladies, steam laundries, bakeries, restaurants, furnished apartments with janitor service, hospitals, sanitariums, health resorts, summering places, wintering places, places to go to in the spring and autumn outings; everything at your door. The telephone has relieved us of the necessity of exercise on foot or horseback. Aaron's magic rod is a commonplace—for you turn a faucet and water, cold and hot, will gush forth; a rose on your desk in midwinter; foreign fruits the year round; press a button and Aladdin and his lamp are clumsy and mediocre compared with the result of this simple little act ❧ Yes, man has invaded the home, so that every one of our grandmothers would cry out, with the agony that Othello felt when he moaned, "Occupation, my occupation 's gone!"

And why was there a hue and cry about

win gave us the belief that we might yet see a Man, though we know that even now man is only in the process of making.

A rational hope was within the reach of humanity for the first time, when we accepted the theory of evolution. We began to smile at the myths, fables and legends of the Bible, and we put them on our library shelves along with books of folk-lore, Greek and Latin mythology ❧ And although the theologians now teach that the universe was created in ages not days, yet they cling to the disparity of the race unless there is a sacrifice, human and divine.

Woman still bears the curse of being the cause of evil's coming into the world, but she also enters into the redemption, by being the earthly parent of God's only Son, who is the crowning sacrifice.

The Roman Catholic religion has placed the

and woman are one; that they are complimentary forces which to be successful must act together; that subconsciously the human race has worked out this truth in their industrial world as well as in art and science.

¶ Since the invasion of man into the home, "woman's sphere" has been contracted into a doll's world.

At midwinter a woman may rise in the morning and dress in a room at summer heat, and have a bath of the same temperature; she may wear slippers with paper soles, the lightest silk gown; breakfast on oranges from California or Florida or Spain, prepared breakfast foods, any kind; her mail is brought to her; she presses electric buttons all day long, gives few or many orders; plans teas and parties of all sorts, and attends them in automobile or closed carriage. The "fortunate" wife may live the winter through without

to renounce the world and natural laws and hide from real life in convent or monastery, all are the results of this myth concerning sacrifices.

Woman has entered so little into the world's work, that the idea of developing herself as an individual to take responsibility and to feel how sacred this gift of life and all its powers are, has been considered seriously only to-day.

She could sacrifice her life easily and she has given her life, her hopes and desires to some one or some thing or phantom, and this "sacrifice" she has considered her crown.

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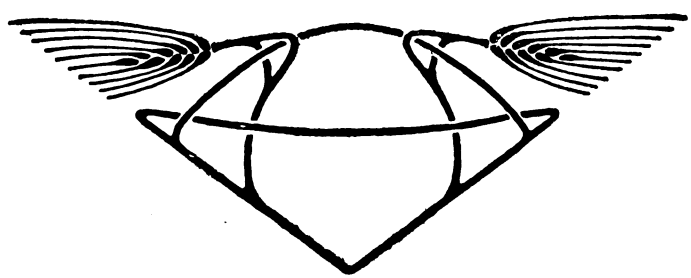
Greeks are at your door, ladies." ¶ The Bishop used his energies to educate the heathen here instead of those comfortably located on the other side of the earth. He placed food for the hungry mind within the reach of all. And to-day millions rise to hail him as one of those who are blessed because they bring good tidings. "How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." ¶ The Chautauqua circles and woman's clubs have done more for family peace and bliss than all the vows made before high Heaven and blessed by ceremony and priest. Incompatibility of interests is the cause of domestic troubles.

This trinity idea cannot be overlooked. We meet on the plane of a common interest. "I love you because you love the things I love." That is all there is to the theory of

love. The more mutuality there is, the more love is there. If two people swear to love and live together until death do them part, because they have one theme in common, and that a variable and changeable one, they have made a fearful contract. To grow together by working and living together is the only possible path to love, life and happiness ❧ Youth thinks one theme enough, but maturer judgment finds that there must be many things loved together to make progress ❧ Companionship, comradeship and friendship are the absolutely necessary foundation for love.



WOMAN'S WORK

THE first law of our nature is that the individual shall develop ❧ In order to evolve, a human being, irrespective of sex, must have a degree of freedom of person and property. This is necessary to happiness and consequently to good health. The average Christian housewife has no income. She cannot come and go without permission. She receives a gift of money for her expenses and must give an accounting for it upon her return home ❧ Woman has always been and is yet demonetized by male man. Millions of mothers toil from early morn until four or five hours after dewy eve, doing what no hired servant could do, economizing, producing in minor industries, cooking, sewing, mending, and

giving her children the best care her loving heart prompts. She is the wife (the weaver), the mother, the hired girl, and often the hired man besides. She may raise poultry enough for the needs of her family and enough more to buy the groceries, she may care for the cows and garden, and yet she is not considered a producer because she does not work for an outsider who pays money for labor. ¶ The rule is that the husband is the only one who has money value placed on the expenditure of his time and talent. Woman's services have been paid for in clearing house promises payable in Heaven. Many have so looked forward to realizing on these promises that they have overlooked opportunities here, and postponed, as it were, all their possibilities.

We have all of us known widowers to marry because it was too expensive to pay a house-

keeper—they could not afford it ☙ Men were not obliged to give their wives money—this side of Paradise, and like Macbeth, they "jump the life to come." Judgment-day and the bookkeeper would make good after death all promises—for women.

It is a startling thing to most husbands when you insist that in finance a wife "still has judgment here." Wives are thinking, just a little, that a dollar in the hand is worth two in Heaven.

Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home,

is being transposed, even by farmers' wives, and the Here and Now is becoming important ☙ Sir William Blackstone, the voluminous commentator on the English Law, explains at length why women are denied the privilege of franchise and are held as subjects of men, to be governed,

ruled and controlled by them. He says that women are undeveloped children and must be cared for as minors.

Candor compels us to admit that there are symptoms, even now, which might cause such judgment to be formed, but truth insists that the laws of government prescribe the wrong treatment. If you treat your boy like a baby until he is twenty-one, he will be a molly-coddle the rest of his days. Woman has done very well to have survived as she has the child treatment during all these centuries. I am a little afraid that man's vanity is flattered when his wife runs to him for protection, and allows him to decide every important matter. In fact, I have observed that where woman has no protector, no one to play the child act to, she does not play the child, but is in very truth woman. This is the compensation for having a husband who is a loafer.

The way to become self-reliant is to rely upon one's self.

Men may continue to want playthings, for they, too, are children at times, but where men must choose between a companion and a plaything, they choose the companion every time.

There is a difference between playmates and playthings: companions are playmates, and for men and women to play together means progress for them and for their children. But for one to be a toy only, is to share its fate, and that is death.

During the Renaissance in literature of the Eighteenth Century, women came up for discussion, and like Banquo's ghost, would not down, primarily because they were a part of this great awakening. They came up for discussion and were pigeonholed, that is, they were labeled and their status decided

upon. ¶ Sir William Blackstone had made his commentary and fixed woman's place legally ☙ Schopenhauer found that his mother's ability made something rankle in his heart, and he declared his opinion of woman's mental standing.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan had made ridiculous some of the sciolism about woman's incapacity and frailty, and everybody laughed.

Mary Wollstonecraft had written her "*Vindication of the Rights of Women*," with an honesty and sincerity which has left a deep impress even to this day.

The subject of the position of woman was, however, considered settled by the law throughout Europe—hers was an undeveloped mentality—an immature mind.

At the beginning of the Nineteenth Century there was a little man over in Germany named Friedrich Froebel who had growing

ideas about education. Educated men scoffed at his philosophy and his theories. But he taught the children just the same—in the woods, on the street, anywhere that he could gather them ❧ And he found that his only followers were the women, and the children's "other mothers"—the girls from ten to fourteen, who cared for their little brothers and sisters while the real mother toiled in the fields. And Froebel said something like this: Yes, it is true as they say. Men's minds are mature, full grown, complete. They are incapable of taking on any further development. They have no capacity for evolving any farther ❧ They believe that education comes by pouring in facts and their minds are full and running over. There is no hope for them.

And it is true that woman's mind is immature—she is still a child, still capable of

evolution, development. Woman's ability to evolve, to take new ideas and work out a better civilization is the hope of humanity. And Froebel placed his dependence upon the undeveloped mind and saw it begin to evolve the race. His first appeal was to the little "other mother," and she in time became his assistant and he hers, and then she was the "school-mother," or, as provincially expressed, "the school-marm."

Froebel did not see that high schools for girls, women's colleges, "co-ed" universities, woman's clubs and an open sesame to all professions and all business, were to be results in a few generations of his hope in the immature mind. Froebel knew the thought that Jesus had when he said, Unless ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Froebel knew that the little "other mothers"

were to be the mothers of the race and said, "To educate and evolve the race, we must educate the mothers." He also said, "It will take at least seven generations of civilized women to evolve a civilized nation."

It was said that woman had no sense of humor, nor a brain capable of enduring continued and arduous mental study; no creative ability or inventive power. Froebel took this for granted and wasted no time in denying it or arguing about it.

We who evolve have but one thing to do, and that is to develop such power. Erasmus was taunted with the assertion that he had no name. "Very well," he said, "I will make one for myself."

The mature mind is the mind of a provincial, who sees but one way, knows but a single province and whose mind is full of but one thought. He is the oyster who carries his

world with him and shuts himself in if you offer him an idea: the bluebottle on the wheel of a chariot. "We never did it that way before," "Who ever heard of such a thing!" The fulsome egotism of the mature mind of the merry villager or agrarian or provincial of the city, leaves no crack or cranny whereby a new idea can be gotten into his brain without trepanning.

"Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it," said Bernard Shaw.

¶ For women to become economically free means more responsibility, and because they dread and are afraid of responsibility is the reason many yet prefer to be beggars and serfs. Economic freedom for woman means that we shall teach every girl in our land a trade or a profession whereby she can earn her living ❧ It means more than that. It means that we must see to it that she earns

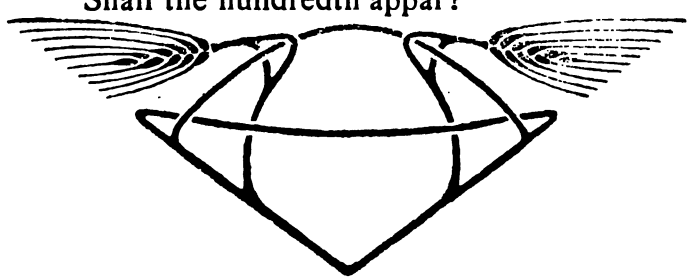
her living: that we blot out pauperism from all respectable families, and from our hearts and minds: that we demand there shall be no more pauper desires of wanting something for nothing: that we remove from our boasted land of the free and home of the brave the curse of charity, and the sin of giving something for nothing. This education will be needed by fathers, husbands, lovers and brothers fully as much as by mothers, wives, sweethearts and sisters. Then we must educate our minds from the provincial—which only sees what has been done by the province in which we live—to the universal which, Janus like, sees what history reveals and from this gains the prophetic vision of what we must do to evolve into Man.

And this education must come, for you cannot make rational beings out of the indigent poor—those who are helpless and in poverty

when fortune flies. ¶ Just as surely as economic freedom is necessary to man, so is it to woman. This is the next step for woman to take. Everything will give way when she has her own bank account, the money earned by herself.

Woman has gone far and traveled fast since she came to believe in herself. And

When doors, great and small,
Nine and ninety flew ope at her touch,
Shall the hundredth appal?



WOMAN'S WORK

ATURE uses the antithesis and the paradox ❧ She has two opposing forces which have kept man fairly well poised. We call one of these gravitation—the power that pulls toward the center of the earth—and inertia is its coadjutor ❧ Just let go and gravitation lights you adown the way to dusky death. Do nothing and the oblivion of the centripetal claims you.

The power that opposes gravitation is levitation—centrifugal force—that which attracts us toward the universal, and therefore life. On a brisk, bright morning you walk with head erect, you take long, deep breaths, and glumness and gloom wing their way to the rooky woods. Levitation is then drawing you

into the realm of light and life ❧ Will and energy are the advance agents of levitation. This law makes its appeal to the spirit, the aspirations, the uplift.

Man has not yet apprehended that action is the law of life and that the highest rest is in motion ❧ Even after bodily activity has become a habit, we are mentally lazy. We want some one to do things for us.

The idea of salvation through some one or some thing outside of ourselves came from love of inertia. We want God or his Son to save us. We thought that Hapi would give us immortality if we flattered his vanity by praying to him.

The Christian religion has nourished the idea that you could be redeemed from death, inertia—become immune from the law of gravitation through the compliance to the law of levitation by another.

The Catholic religion says you can have salvation for so much—prayers, Peter's pence. The Protestant preacher says that salvation is free—something for nothing, if you will say that you believe that some one complied with the law of levitation for you, acted for you, willed for you, breathed for you, reached out into the universe for you. But we know that in nature nothing is given away. If you have muscle, you work for it yourself ☙ If you have mental power, it is because you have thought for yourself.

No one can save you but yourself.

No one can die for you but yourself.

No one can use will for you but yourself.

No one can put you into the way of life but you yourself.

Levitation is for me, but only I myself can use it for my good.

Take the Greek conception of Jove and add

hate and exclusiveness, subtracting all the humor and playfulness, and you have the Jehovah of the Hebrews. Multiply and divide a little and you have the modern composite which was pictured as the Christian God. The idea of master and slave, freeman and serf, owner and owned, runs through it all. The desire to possess and the willingness to be owned is enmeshed into our bone and sinew: it is in the air we breathe: our traditions are full of it: our religion is built upon it. And not until we can imagine a Supreme Being who is capable of freedom, who owns nobody and whom nobody owns, who does not wish to be worshipped or feared, who can take care of himself and is self-reliant, who demands nothing from us and from whom we demand nothing, not until then, I say, can we be emancipated.

WOMAN'S WORK

LIBERTY comes to us, if at all, through freedom of thought and action. When the mind is imprisoned by prejudices or by conventionalities and is ruled by others, it has no growth. The brain is useless if unused ❧ To work exclusively under orders is death to creative ability. Independent action, though wrong, is better than to be ever obedient to that which is outside of one's own mind. Each must think and act for himself if the highest joy ever given to man is realized.

Our friend paints a picture. You buy it. You may have pleasure in looking at it and a certain satisfaction in thinking you possess it, but to him and him alone is the benefit. ¶ If the gods assemble on Olympus and

take note of us here on earth, they must laugh at the foolish ones who own slaves that act for them; at those who have soft places and eat the fruits the Philistines have raised.

Are the fortunate ones those who spend money or those who earn it?

We never possess anything. We are fluid and transient, perpetually changing. We cannot own anything unless we are rocks or petrified men. Action is the law of life. Moses did not enter into the Promised Land. And happy is that leader who sees it only from the mountain top. Canaan was just the same kind of country Moses had been traveling through for forty years. Were any of his followers more blessed than he?

"Little do ye know your own Blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the True Success is to labour."

WOMAN'S WORK

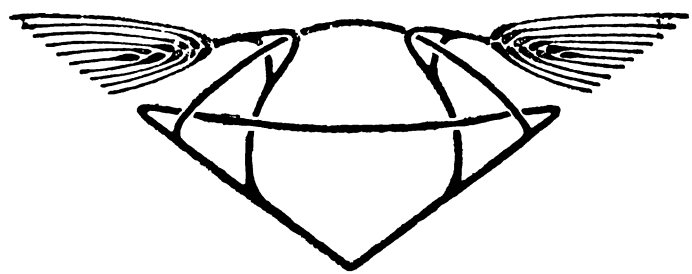
The only crime that can be committed against a person is to deprive him in any way of intelligent activity ☙ So if one-half of the human race limits the activity of the other half, it is sinning against it, and its punishment is in being held by the leash with which it holds the other.

As woman is part of the world's work, she should work in each part of it, as man should. Granting that there are certain kinds of work that women are best adapted for doing, and certain work that men excel in, there is no activity of body or brain or emotion that is not common to the elements which make the human race. Specialists are not valuable unless they know the things that are related to the things on which they specialize.

The doors of the world's workshops—life's activities—are opening to women and men alike, and side by side they are entering in.

Side by side man and woman went out of the garden of idleness into the barren fields. Hand in hand they must labor if they make the desert an Eden where God may walk and commune with them as man to man. And we shall do this.

If we have stooped
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; we press God's lamp
Close to our breast; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: we shall emerge one day.



So here endeth the volume, WOMAN'S WORK, as written by Alice Hubbard. Title page, initials and ornaments being designed by Dard Hunter, the typography by Charles Rosen, and the whole done into a book by The Roycrofters at their Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York, MCMVIII

THE ROYCROFTERS

ALICE HUBBARD

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